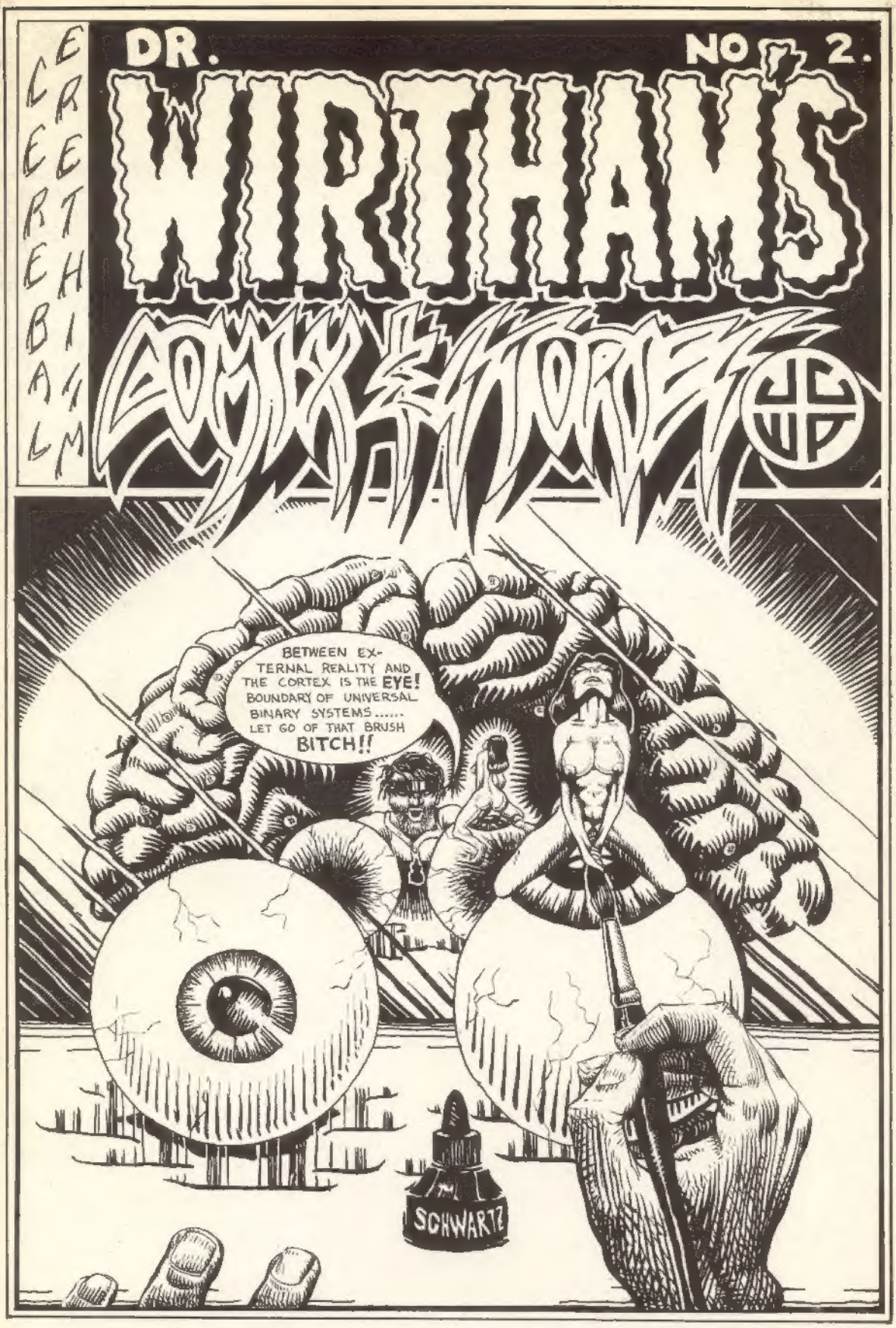
CEREBALL
CEREBHIM
DR.
NO. 2.
WIRTHAM'S
COMICS
BETWEEN EXTERNAL REALITY AND THE CORTEX IS THE EYE! BOUNDARY OF UNIVERSAL BINARY SYSTEMS..... LET GO OF THAT BRUSH BITCH!!
SCHWARTZ

DR. WERTHAM'S COMIX & STORIES #2

WINTER - 1976

FEATURING:

"HOT DOG" = WILL MUEGNIOT 1

"ALIEN MERCY" = MIKE ROBERTS 8

"SNUFF BOX" = OISIF EGUAX 13

"GRAVE CONCERN" = STEVE BISSET 20

"WHITE HOUSE HORROR" = RICK VEITCH 22

"ANIMATA DISCO LUMPEN BUMPEN G.B." = OISIF EGUAX .. 31

"E.C. PICKINS" = BILL BLACK 36

& THANX TO LARRY RIPPEE (BACK COVER)

DR. WIRTHAM'S COMIX & STORIES IS PUBLISHED BY CLIFFORD NEAL, 378 JUDSON AVE., MYSTIC, CT. 06355.

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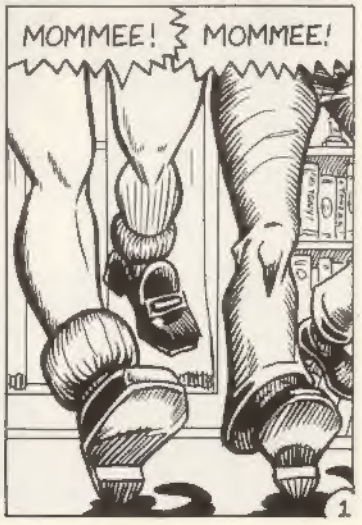
WE PUBLISH UNDERGROUND STORIES IN THE EC VEIN, THE KIND YOU KNOW DR. WERTHAM WOULD LOVE TO HATE. COMMENTS, ART, AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOME. PLEASE INQUIRE CONCERNING PAGE RATES, ETC. UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED BY RETURN POSTAGE. MEMBERS OF THE UCWA NEED ONLY APPLY.
THANX AND INSPIRATION TO WPLF, WPLR, WCJK, WDRC. UNCENSORED ANAL RETENTIVE "ADULTS" ONLY.

HOT DOG!

MOTHERS SIGH AND REACH TO GET CHANGE FROM THEIR PURSES, BECAUSE THE RATTLE OF HIS CART, THE BLARE OF HIS VOICE AND THE SCENT OF HIS WARES HAVE COMBINED TO TELL THE NEIGHBORHOOD CHILDREN – THE HOT DOG MAN IS HERE! BUT 'HERE' ISN'T A BALLPARK OR CROWDED STREET CORNER IN NEW YORK! 'HERE' IS A QUIET SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOUSING DEVELOPMENT, CASA MUERTE'! NO ONE WONDERS WHAT SINISTER PURPOSE COULD BRING SUCH A VENDOR FROM LONG ISLAND TO THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY! HE IS HERE! FOR THE BORED CHILDREN AND BLASE' PARENTS THAT IS ENOUGH!



THE CHILDREN THUNDER DOWN THE HALL TO THE BATHROOM AND THROW OPEN ITS DOOR...
WHAT IS IT, BABY?
THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE...

AND HE'S SELLING HOT DOGS, MOMMY!
HOT DOGS?

SALLY, HONEY, ARE YOU SURE HE'S SELLING HOT DOGS?
YES, MA'AM AN' THEY SMELL SO GOOD!

OH MY GOD, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, COULD HAVE I BEEN FOUND BY HIM!?! I'VE GOT TO LOOK!

GOOD LORD! IT'S HIM!

I NEED TO GET THESE DRAPES CLOSED BEFORE HE SEES ME!

OH NO! HE'S FINALLY FOUND ME! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS I THOUGHT I WAS SAFE!
WHAT CAN I DO?
WHERE CAN I GO?

MOMMY, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU CAN TELL US!
YEH, TELL US, MOM!

TELL YOU? YES, I GUESS IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO HEAR THIS STORY!
I'VE TOLD YOU THAT I USED TO LIVE IN NEW YORK! WELL, ONE DAY A SPECIAL FRIEND VISITED ME THERE AND...

THAT WAS DELICIOUS, HARRY! HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED SELLING YOUR, UH, TALENTS?
NAW, I ENJOY MY AMATURE STATUS! BUT THE WAY YOU'RE GOING OUT IN JUST A COAT AND BOOTS - IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING INTO BUSINESS!

WE TOOK SO LONG I DON'T HAVE TIME TO PUT ON ALL MY CLOTHES AND MAKE IT TO WORK ON TIME! BESIDES, WITH MY JOB, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I WEAR!

"I WAS LATE, SO LATE THAT I DIDN'T HAVE TIME FOR SUPPER EITHER, SO I WAS AWFULLY HUNGRY WHEN I CUT THROUGH THE CITY PARK...
SNIFF MMM! SOMETHING SURE SMELLS GOOD!

AH, IT'S THOSE HOT DOGS! ONE LITTLE WIENIE WON'T HURT MY FIGURE! BESIDES, THEY SMELL SO GOOD!

"I FUMBLED FOR MY CHANGE AND DROPPED IT SOMEHOW!"
DAMN IT!

I'D LIKE ONE WITH EVERY-THING, PLEASE!
Y-YES, MA'AM!

"I WAS SO INTENT, I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT I'D BEEN UNCOVERED BY THE WIND UNTIL AFTER I'D PICKED UP MY FALLEN CHANGE..."
I HOPE HE DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING!

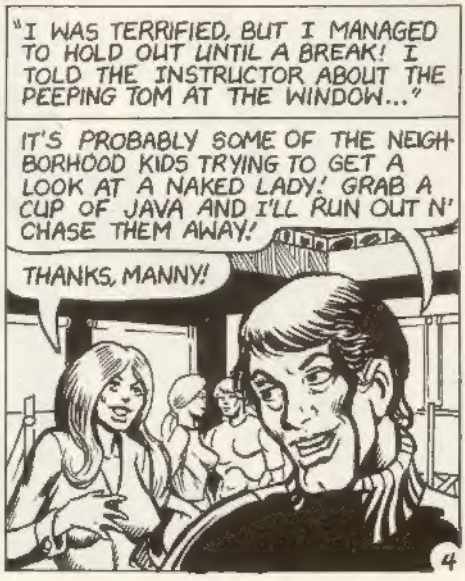
"I DECIDED TO PLAY IT COOL, LIKE NOTHING HAD HAPPENED..."
WHERE'S MY HOT DOG? I'M IN A HURRY!

LADY, AFTA WHAT I JUS' SEEN, DA' ONLY WIENIE YOU GONNA GET FROM ME IS...

"I SCREAMED ONCE AND RAN..."
DIS' ONE!

"ALL THE WAY TO WORK, WHERE I STARTED TO COOL DOWN AND THINK..."
HARRY WAS RIGHT! I DID LOOK LIKE A HOOKER WEARING JUST MY COAT AND BOOTS! NO WONDER THE HOT DOG MAN GOT THE WRONG IDEA!

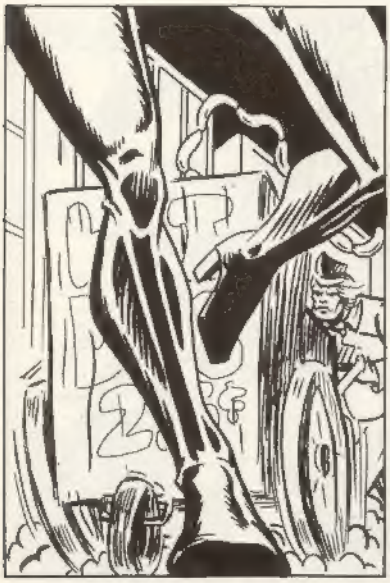
"THEN I SAW A SHADOW ON AND A HOLE IN ONE OF THE WINDOW SHADES!"


"I WAS TERRIFIED, BUT I MANAGED TO HOLD OUT UNTIL A BREAK! I TOLD THE INSTRUCTOR ABOUT THE PEEPING TOM AT THE WINDOW..."
IT'S PROBABLY SOME OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS TRYING TO GET A LOOK AT A NAKED LADY! GRAB A CUP OF JAVA AND I'LL RUN OUT N' CHASE THEM AWAY!
THANKS, MANNY!

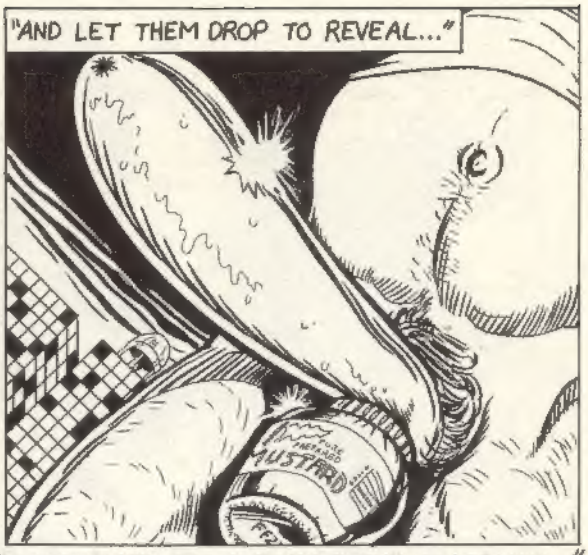
"I WAS FEELING VERY MUCH AT EASE WITH A HOT CUP OF COFFEE IN MY HANDS WHEN MANNY CAME BACK FROM OUTSIDE..."
YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I FOUND OUT THERE! THIS WEIRD GUY WAS STANDING ON SOME SORT OF HOT DOG CART TRYING TO GET A PEEK AT YOU!

"AFTER THE ART CLASS, I LEFT THE STUDIO! I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO LOOK, I KNEW HE'D BE FOLLOWING ME HOME!"

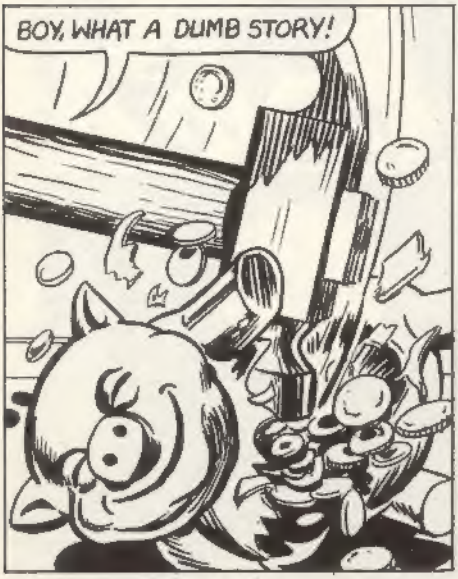
"FINALLY, I COULDN'T BEAR IT! I HAD TO LOOK BEHIND ME..."



"THEN HE PROCEEDED TO VIOLATE EVERY OPENING AND TIGHT SPACE IN MY BODY, SAVE FOR ONE..."



"I SCREAMED AND SCREAMED AND SCREAMED..."



BEN LOVED CAROUSING AMONG THE MARTIAN WOMEN OF TYRE, AND ROAMING THE OUTBACKS LOOKING FOR FUN. A SPECIAL FUN THAT ONLY MARTIAN WOMEN HAVE. LATELY BEN HAS BEEN SEEING "LONA LUCIOUS". SHE STRIPS AT THE PARADISE INN WHERE BEN DRINKS AND MAKES SEVEN KINDS OF LOVE TO LONA.

MAX FRIZBEE 76

THAT'S WHERE BEN WAS GOING, TO SEE LONA. FOR TWO WEEKS HE HAD BEEN HUNTING DOWN RUNAWAY SLAVES BY THE OLD CHRYSEAN CANALS. BUT TODAY BEN WAS TAKING LEAVE TO SEE LONA, AND WAS HE GOING TO CELEBRATE. HE ALMOST MADE IT UNTIL.....

BEN'S DAYDREAMING OF MARTIAN WOMEN, PROVED UNWISE BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE LOOMING MOUNT WAS SUDDEN. THE SCREECHING METAL AND THEN NOTHING - NOTHING BUT PAIN.

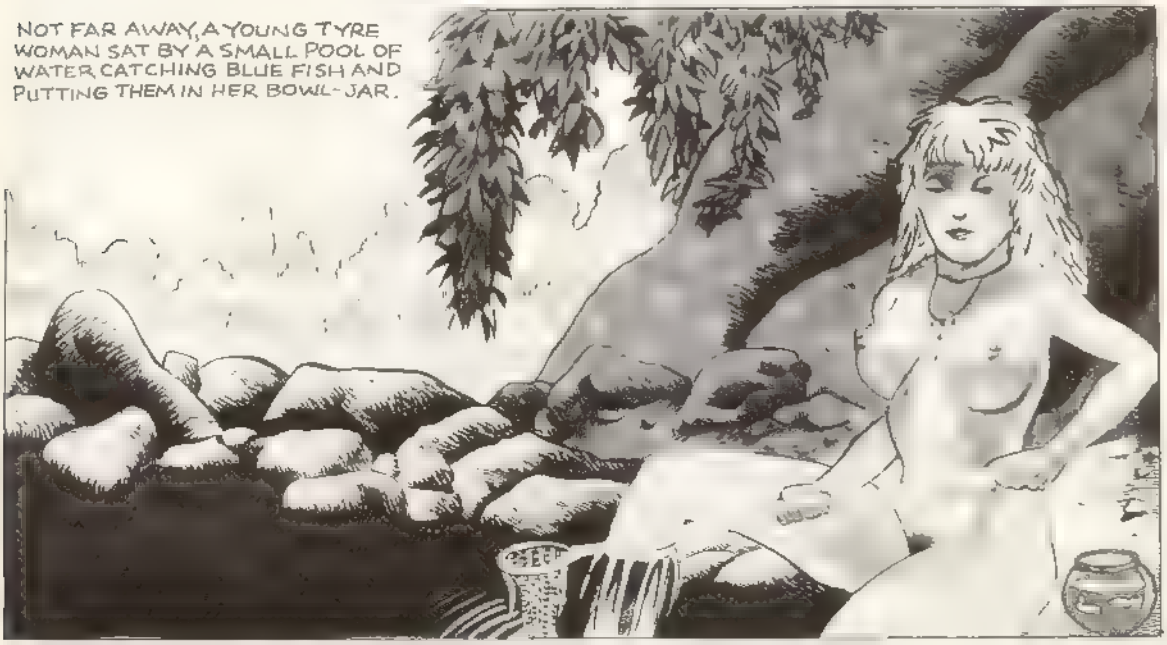
BEN SHOOK HIS HEAD, FIGHTING BACK WAVES OF PAIN. HE TRIED TO EASE HIMSELF FORWARD. BUT COULDN'T. HE WAS PARALYZED FROM THE NECK DOWN

THE OUTBACK WAS SILENT. BEN TRIED TO CALL FOR HELP, BUT THE MARTIAN JUNGLE SMOTHERED HIS CRIES. ALL HE COULD DO IS WAIT FOR SOMEONE ANYONE.

THE PAIN BECAME A DULL PERSISTANT ACHE. BLOOD TRICKLED DOWN HIS BODY, SOAKING HIS CLOTHES. BEN BEGAN SLIPPING IN AND OUT OF DELIRIUM.

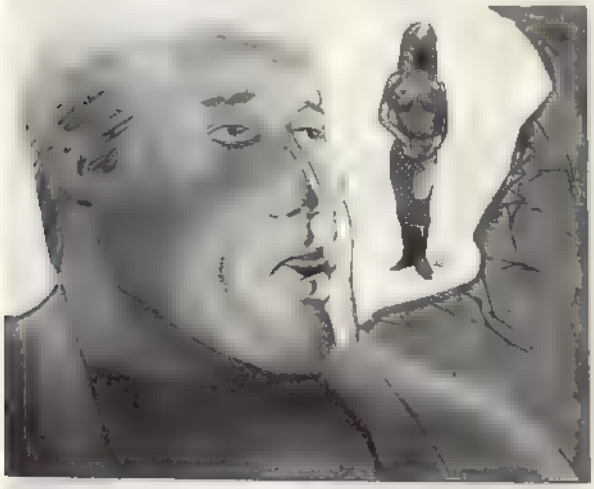
THE MARTIAN SUN BEAT DOWN UNMERCIFULLY. HIS MOUTH PARCHED, HIS LIPS CRACKED IN THE MARTIAN HEAT. HE WOULD BLEED TO DEATH IF NO ONE CAME

NOT FAR AWAY, A YOUNG TYRE WOMAN SAT BY A SMALL POOL OF WATER, CATCHING BLUE FISH AND PUTTING THEM IN HER BOWL-JAR.



CAREFUL NOT TO SPILL OUT HER FISH, JER·CA HEADED ALONG THE NARROW LANE. SUDDENLY A SCREAM BROKE THE AIR, THEN STOPPED. PERHAPS IT IS THE KEEPERS LOOKING FOR HER BUT NOT BEFORE SHE PROVED TO THEM THAT SHE WAS NOT JUST ANOTHER MARTIAN. WARILY, SHE CONTINUED ALONG THE LANE.

BEN LOOKED UP, COULD IT POSS BLY BE. YES, HIS LONA! SHE WOULD RELEASE HIM, HE CRIED FOR HELP HIS PARCHED THROAT CROAKING SHE CAME NEARER HOLD· IG A GLASS OF WATER. "WATER! OH WATER!"

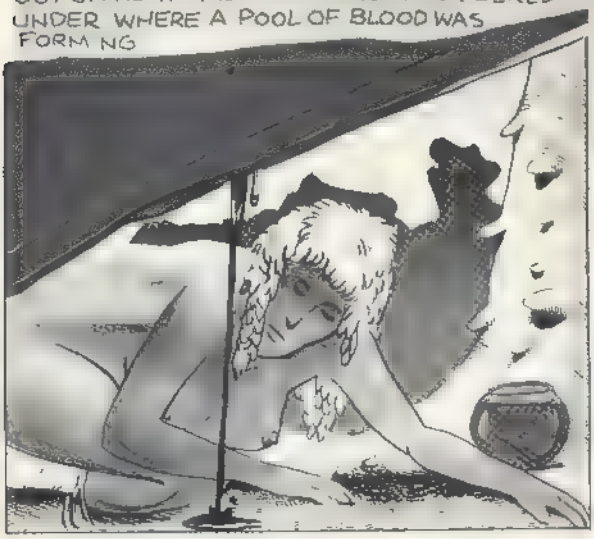


BEN'S WILD DES.RE FOR DRINK MADE HIM FORGET HIS INJURIES AS HE STRA NED FOR THE WATER HE MOANED, AND THEN DARK· NESS SWEPT OVER HIM.

JERICA WAS SURPRISED AND QUICKLY SHE STEPPED BACK, THE MAN MADE NO MOVEMENT. SHE LOOKED AT THE CRAFT. THIS COULD BE HER CHANCE TO SHOW THE KEEPERS THAT THEY COULD BE PROUD OF HER.

THE VEHICLE WAS SMASHED, THE MAN WAS HURT. HE WAS ANGRY THE WAY HE SHOUTED AT HER.

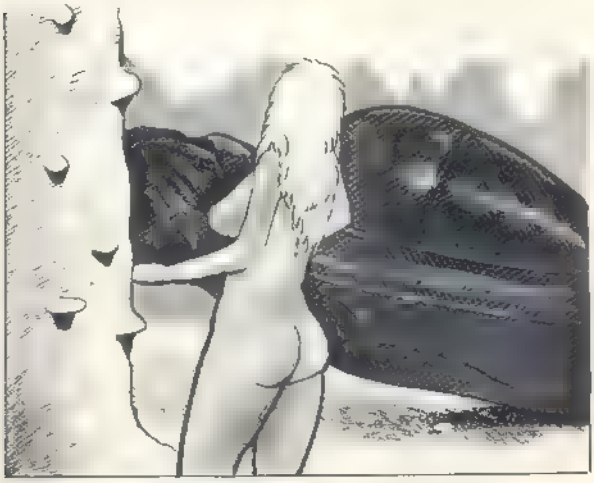
JERICA LOOKED AT THE VEHICLE BLOOD WAS SEEPING OUT INTO THE LANE. SHE GOT ON HER HANDS AND KNEES AND PEERED UNDER WHERE A POOL OF BLOOD WAS FORMING



STILL NO MOVEMENT CAME FROM THE CAR, JERICA LOOKED THROUGH THE BROKEN BUBBLE.

THIS WAS JERICA'S CHANCE THE MAN WAS HELPLESS AND IN PAIN SHE WOULD HELP HIM AND RUN TO TELL THE KEEPERS, THEY'D BE PROUD OF HER, SO PROUD.

JERICA WOULD HAVE TO THINK. YES, SHE WOULD SACRIFICE HER PRETTY FISH.



WITH A LOUD CRASH THE BOWL-JAR BROKE INTO JAGGED SHARDS. JERICA LOOKED AT THE HELPLESS FISH, THEY REMINEDED HER OF A TRICK THAT WAS PLAYED ON HER. IT WAS A MEAN TRICK

THOSE UGLY PEOPLE THAT LAUGHED AND MADE FUN OF HER.

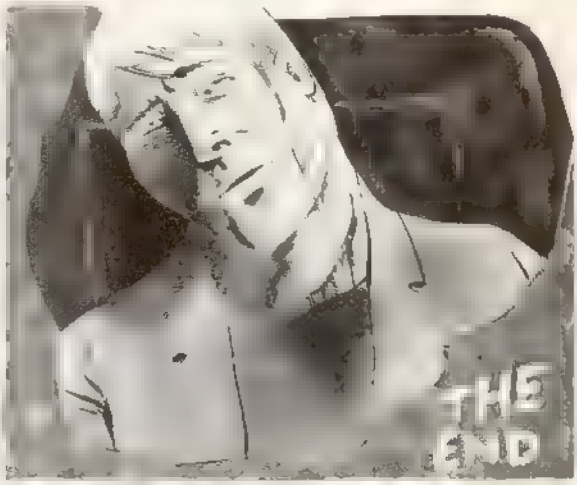
JERICA CAME UPON THE UGLY PEOPLE ONE DAY AND SAW THAT THEY HAD CAUGHT A BABY REP-BIRD. THEY GOUGED AT IT UNTIL IT WAS MUTILATED. HELPLESS, THEY THRUST IT INTO JERICA'S HANDS AND RAN OFF LAUGHING.

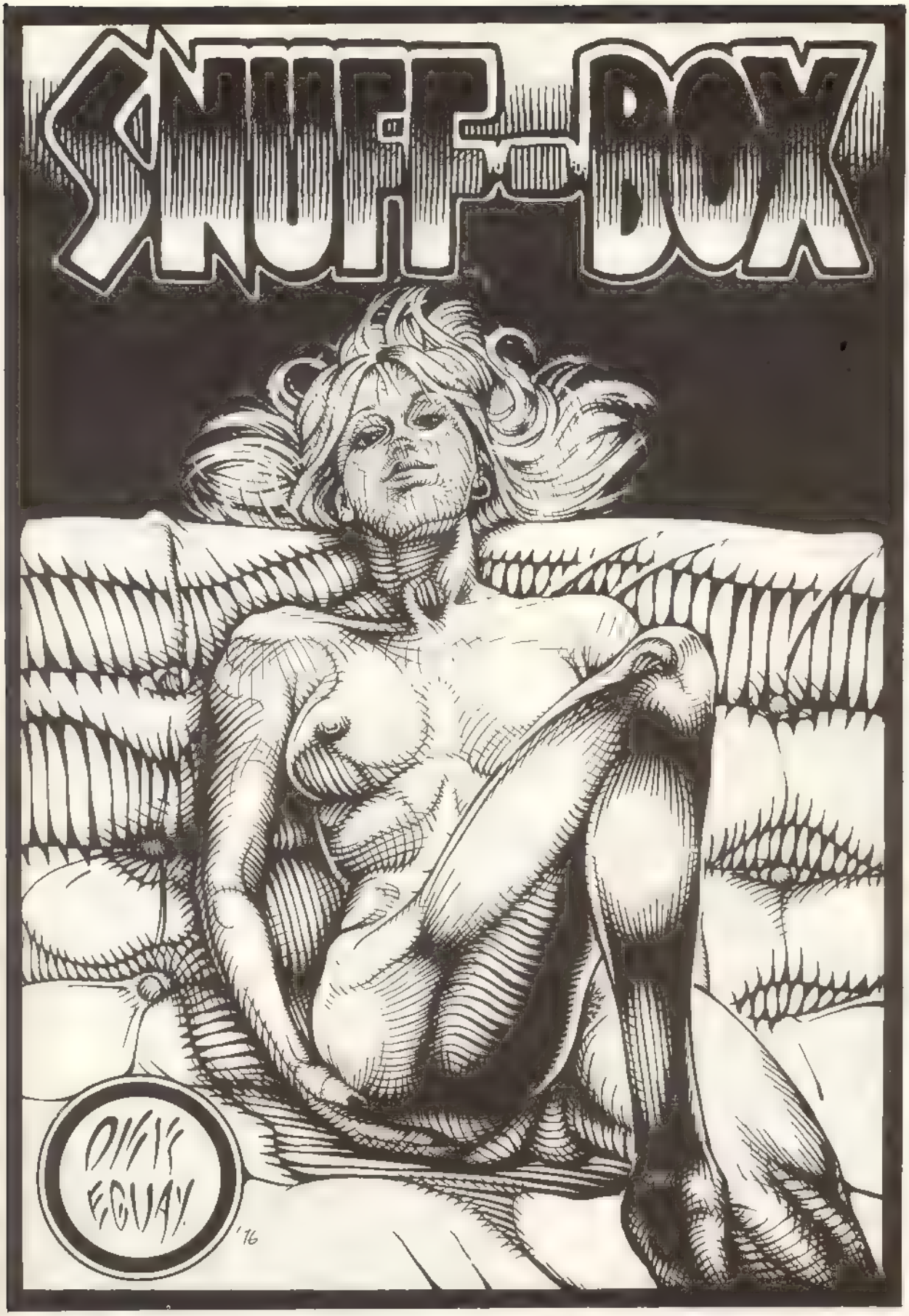
TO JERICA'S HORROR IT WAS STILL ALIVE. SHE FOUND A SHARP PIECE OF METAL AND CUT THE REP-BIRDS THROAT. IT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO, SHE KNEW THAT IT WASN'T MEANT TO SUFFER.

SUDDENLY IN THE DISTANCE A MUFFLED ROAR OF A CRAFT ECHOED. JERICA KNEW IT WAS THE KEEPERS, BUT SHE WOULDN'T LEAVE WITH THEM, NOT UNTIL SHE PROVED TO THEM THAT SHE WAS SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF.

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE KEEPERS TO FIND JERICA. THEY JUST LOOKED AT EACH OTHER AND PUT JERICA INTO THEIR CRAFT, ESPECIALLY AFTER SHE TOLD THEM.

JERICA KNEW THE KEEPERS WERE PROUD OF HER THE WAY THEY LOOKED AT HER. WITH A PIECE OF THE BROKEN BOWL-JAR SHE HAD NEATLY CUT BEN'S THROAT, AFTER ALL, IT WAS THE MERCIFUL THING TO DO. ALIEN MERCY, FOR BEN.




SNUFF-BOX
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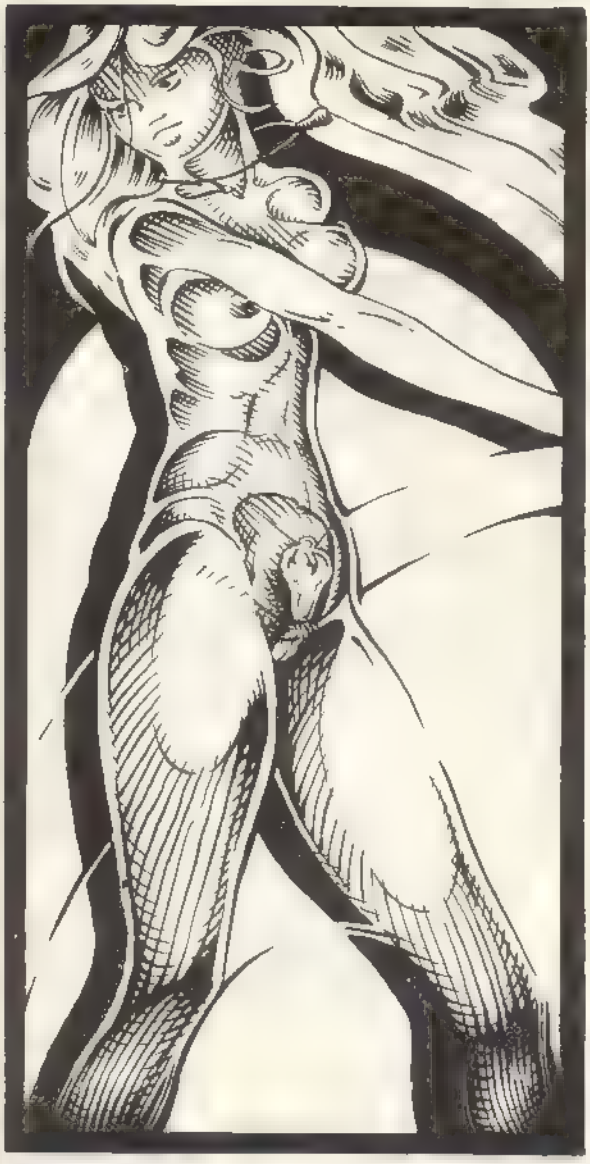
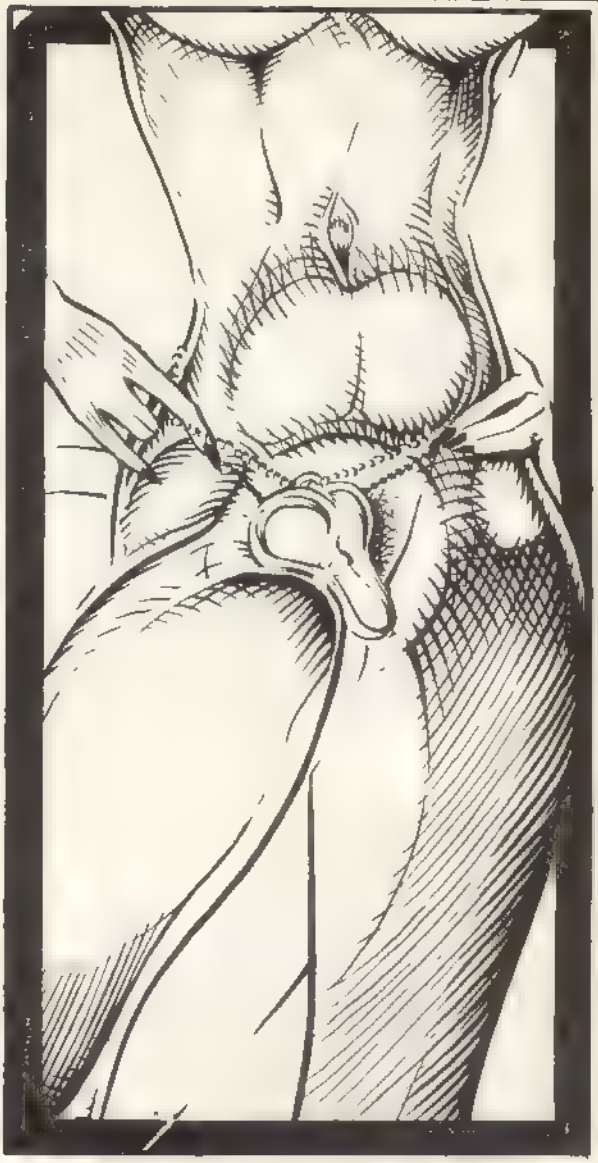
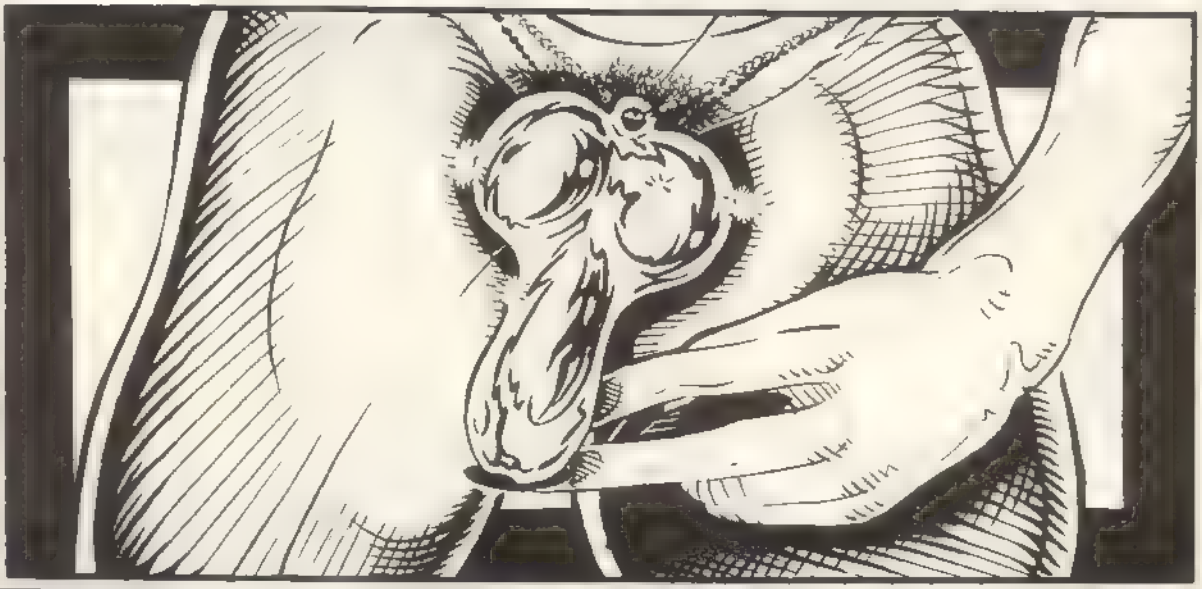
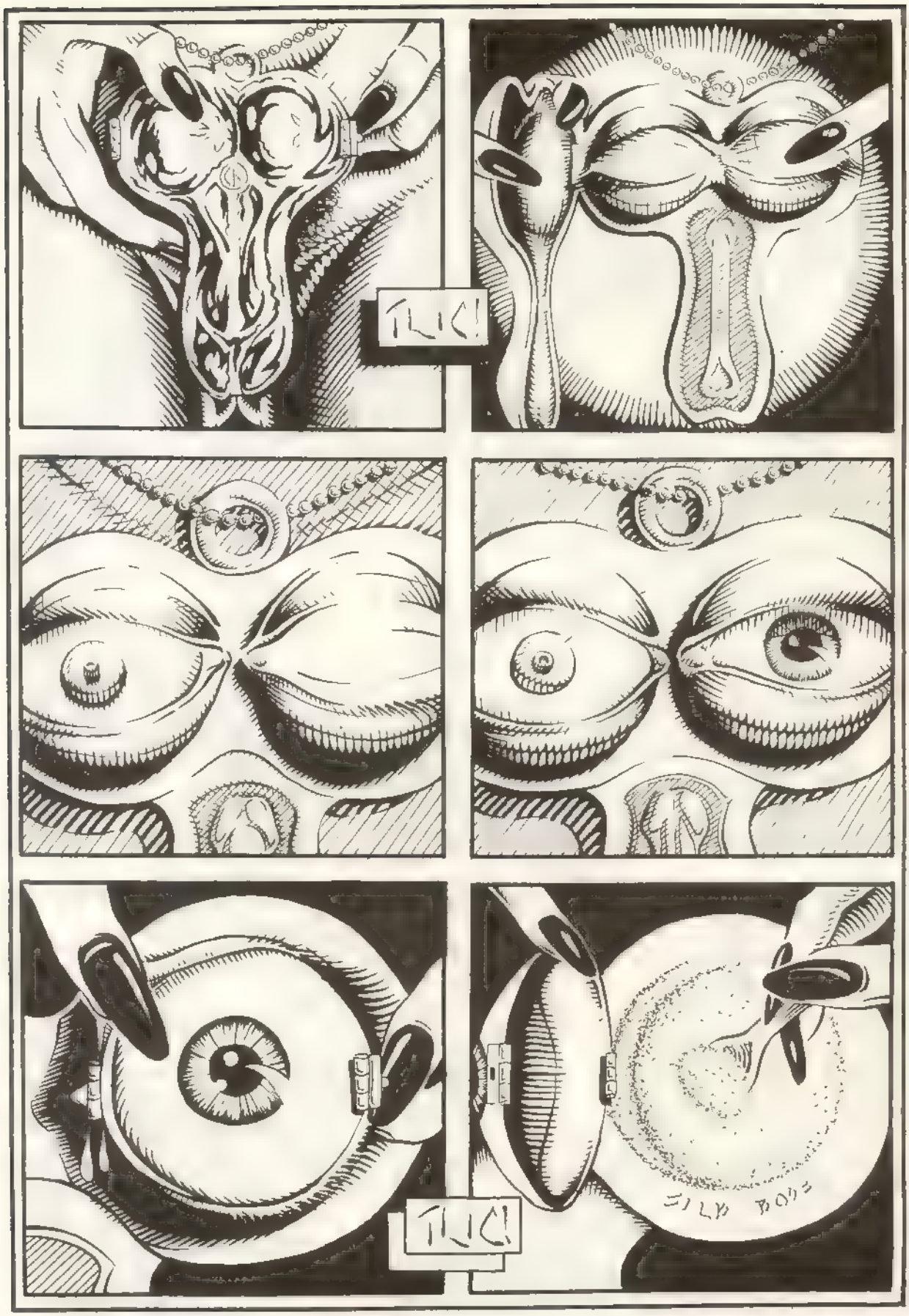
CILLO KANT
NUNY PILLY!





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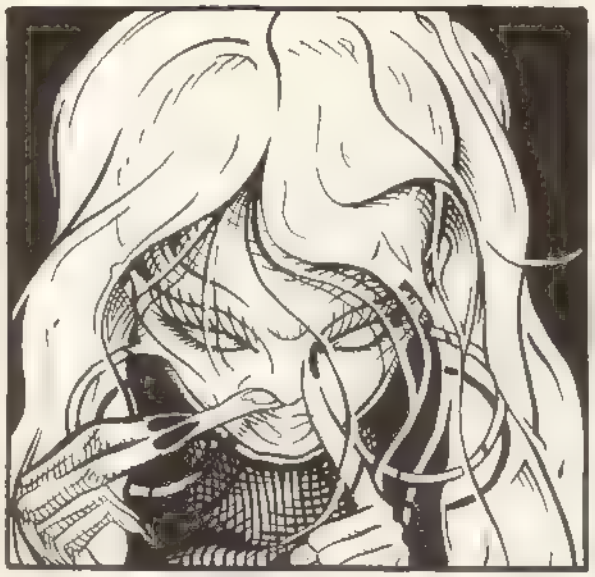

OVER DOSE EVER DOZE

"SNUFF BOX" AND BINARY SYSTEMS ANALYSIS

WELL THOSE OF YOU WHO DONT KNOW ANY BETTER ARE PROBABLY ASKING YOURSELVES "WHAT DOES IT MEAN?", "HUH?", "I DONT GET IT" OR "SO WHAT?" THOSE OF YOU WHO READ DWGS #1 KNOW BETTER THAN TO ASK AND HAVE MOVED ON TO THE NEXT STORY ALREADY. ALL MY STORIES ARE EXPLANABLE IN TERMS OF BINARY SYSTEMS ANALYSIS. THE BASICS OF WHICH WERE EXPLAINED IN DWGS #. BASICALLY IT CONTENDS THAT EVERYTHING "IS" ARE" SETS OF BINARY DISCRIMINATIONS (OPPOSITIONS) ACROSS BOUNDARIES THAT DEFINE DENOTE THE POSSESSION/LACK OF ATTRIBUTES THAT ARE MAINTAINED IN AN ON OFF MODE IN THE BRAIN RIGHT? RIGHT. BUY DWGS #1 AND YOU'LL GET A LITTLE BETTER EXPLANATION WITH DIAGRAMS. KNOWING THESE BASICS I THINK IT'S PRETTY EASY TO ANALYZE THE BASIC PLOT OF SNUFF BOX AS THE STORIES IN DWGS # WERE ANALYZED. BUT I'D LIKE TO GO INTO A FEW OF THE MORE ESOTERIC ASPECTS OF BINARY SYSTEMS ANALYSIS USING SNUFF BOX AS AN EXAMPLE.

PINK FLOYD MONEY THE GETAWAY

BINARY DYNAMICS (SOCIETAL PROCESSES)

LIKE YOU LEARNED IN HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH ALL STORIES REVOLVE AROUND SETTING UP A CONFLICT (MAN VS MAN) (MAN VS NATURE) (MAN VS HIMSELF), RESOLVING THIS CONFLICT (THE CLIMAX) AND EXPLAINING IT (DENOUEMENT) WITH THE ACTION RISING TO THE CLIMAX AND FALLING TO THE DENOUEMENT (ETC SPECIAL VARIETY?). THIS DEFINITION OF BINARY OPPOSITIONS AND ATTRIBUTING VALUE TO ONE IS THE BASIC PROCESS OF DEFINING SYSTEMS AND THE IR BOUNDARIES. THIS SAME BASIC PROCESS TAKES PLACE ON CONCEPTUAL (LOGICAL, SOCIAL, MORAL, ETHICAL) BIOLOGICAL, GENETIC, AND PSYCHOLOGICAL LEVELS. FOR EXAMPLE ON A SOCIETAL (SOCIAL/LOGICAL) LEVEL CERTAIN SYSTEMS, SETS OF BEHAVIOR, CONCEPTS ARE DENOTED AS GOOD OR BAD. THE DIFFERENT SETS OF BINARY DISCRIMINATIONS HELD BY DIFFERENT SETS OF PEOPLE RESULT IN CONFLICTS (RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, ARGUMENTS, WARS) UNTIL A CONSISTENT SET OF DISCRIMINATIONS (MORAL, KNOWLEDGE) IS ESTABLISHED BETWEEN THE TWO ELEMENTS. THIS CORRESPONDS ROUGHLY TO MARX'S DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM (THESIS, ANTITHESIS, SYNTHESIS) AND SUPPOSEDLY THIS PROCESS WOULD CONTINUE UNTIL A CONSISTENT SET OF UNIVERSAL BELIEFS WAS ESTABLISHED (SOCIALIST UTOPIA, TEILHARD DE HARDIN'S NOOSPHERE, TV/GLASS TEAT, MASS MEDIA) 3500 MEAT

BASIC SYMBOLISM OF BINARY PROCESSES

IN BOTH THE LITERARY AND SOCIAL PROCESSES DESCRIBED ABOVE I THINK SOME BASIC FREUDIAN ONE TO ONE CORRESPONDENCES CAN BE ESTABLISHED WITH THE MALE/FEMALE LOVING/HATING FUCKING/FIGHTING SEX & VIOLENCE B.T. TO THESE BASIC SYMBOLIC ELEMENTS WHICH ARE MANIPULATED IN SNUFF BOX AND I THINK THAT WITHOUT VERY MUCH EFFORT THE ELEMENTS CAN BE FOUND IN ANY AUTHOR MORE DEEPLY CONCEALED AND MASKED IN FREUDIAN (JUNGIAN TERMS) STORY. THE TWO MOST BLATANT EXAMPLES I'VE NOTICED LATELY ARE THE FABULOUS FRIDGEPHERES STONE UNCLE SCROOGE #609 AND CONAN THE CONQUEROR IN THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #10. THIS BASIC SYMBOLIC SET REPRESENTS A BIRTH DEATH RESOLUTION OF ANTITHETICAL BINARY DISCRIMINATIONS. AN INTELLECTUAL FIND MUCK BOOK.

BINARY DYNAMICS (BIOLOGICAL PROCESSES)

DNA GENETICALLY INCORPORATES A SET OF BINARY DISCRIMINATION CODES WHICH WHEN RANDOMLY RECOMBINED THROUGH MUTAGENESIS FORM MUTATED SETS OF BINARY DISCRIMINATIONS. THE MUTATED SETS EITHER SURVIVE OR DON'T. "DEATH" IS AS FUNCTIONAL AS LIFE. ALLOWING THE EVOLUTION OF "HIGHER" FORMS. ESSENTIALLY GENETIC EVOLUTION IS THE SAME BASIC PROCESS AS SOCIAL EVOLUTION. THE MECHANISM BEING SEX/GENES IN ONE CASE AND COMMUNICATION BRAIN IN THE OTHER. TO ME THIS PROCESS OF RANDOM MUTATION BROWNIAN MOVEMENT ABOUT THE BASIC PROCESS RESULTS IN THE MORE OR LESS SURREAL SUCCESSION OF CONNECTED IMAGES AS IN SNUFF BOX (DIALECTICAL SURREALISM) CEREBRAL ERETISM. THE FLIP FLOPPING RANDOM MUTATION ASSOCIATION PROCESS IS REPRESENTED ANAGRAMATICALLY BY THE NAME OF THE GIRL IN SNUFF BOX WHICH IS AN ANAGRAM FOR THE NON SLANG WORDS FOR SNUFF AND BOX AS WELL AS BY THE PERMUTED ANAGRAMMATIC PANEL "SUBTITLES".

DYNAMIC ORIENTATION AND THE HUMAN BODY

GOING BACK TO THE SOCIETAL BINARY SYSTEMS PROCESS THIS GRADUALLY RESULTS IN A CONSISTENT SET OF LOGICAL DISCRIMINATIONS (UNLESS THERE IS A DRAMATIC CHANGE IN THE ENVIRONMENT UPON JESUS, ETC.). THIS CONSISTENT ORDERING IS NEGENTROPY WHICH IS IN CONFLICT WITH THE BASIC NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE TOWARDS RANDOM DISORDER OR ENTROPY. THE SOCIAL/LOGICAL STRUGGLE AGAINST THIS NATURAL FORCE PRODUCES AN ASYMMETRY. DEFINITION/ORIENTATION ACROSS AN ORDER VS. ORDER BOUNDARY WHICH IS SIMILAR TO THE STRUGGLE OF LIVING ORGANISMS AGAINST GRAVITY. IN A 3 DIMENSIONAL X Y Z COORDINATE SYSTEM IN 3 SPACE WHICH MAN OCCUPIES GRAVITY PROVIDES AN ORIENTING FORCE ALONG THE Z AXIS WHICH ACTS ACROSS THE EARTH/NON EARTH BOUNDARY AND PROVIDES THE ASYMMETRICAL ORIENTATION (TOP BOTTOM, MAJOR AXIS) CHARACTERISTIC OF THE HUMAN BODY. THE X Y AXES ALONG THE PLANE OF THE EARTH WHERE NOT ON TAKES PLACE REQUIRES ONLY ONE NOT ONAL DEFINITION (EG X AXIS) AND HENCE THE FRONT/BACK ASYMMETRY. THE REMAINING Y AXIS IS REDUNDANT INDIFFERENT TO THE BODY AND THEREFORE THIS IS THE ASPECT IN WHICH THE BODY IS SYMMETRICAL. THE SYMMETRICAL ARRANGEMENT OF FEATURES (MOSTLY "FRONT") ALONG THE Z AXIS PROVIDES FOR MUCH SEXUAL MEMORY (SEE THE NAKED APE, STARTLING CONFESSIONS DWGS #8) WHICH IS EMPHASIZED BY THE VARIOUS RANDOM MUTATIONS OF THE VARIOUS MIMICED FEATURES IN SNUFF BOX. I SEE MORPHING OUT OF SPACE AND HAVEN'T EVEN GOT INTO REAL TRANSFORMS OF SYSTEMS (HUMOR, INFORMATION), AS APPLIED TO EASTERN, WESTERN INTERPRETATIONS OF BINARY SYSTEM ANALYSIS AS EVIDENCED IN THEIR CONTRASTING RELIGIONS. GAMES? I DIDNT DRAW A DIAGRAM OF SNUFF BOX LIKE I DID FOR CRIME COMICS & CHICHEN ITZA IN DWGS NO 1. THAT'S YOUR HOMEWORK ASSIGNMENT. WATCH ROY (INVADERS THINGS IN FAR SIDE OF THE SUN ON THE LATE MOVIE FANTASTIC BINARY SURREAL CLIMAX. BUY MAX ERNSTS BOOKS WHICH DOVER PUBL ARE REPRINTING. THEY'RE THE ULTIMATE GRAPHIC NOVELS. DOES EVERYONE GET THE GRAPHIC PUNS, LIBIDINAL IN THE DWGS COVER? I TRY TO CAPSULIZE ALL THESE THEORIES THROUGH THE DRAWING PROCESS. IM ALREADY JACK. COMMENTS ETC WELCOME. IM GONNA HAVE TO WRITE A BOOK ON THIS. ANYBODY OUT THERE PICKING UP ON THIS WHOLE BUSINESS? OF 76

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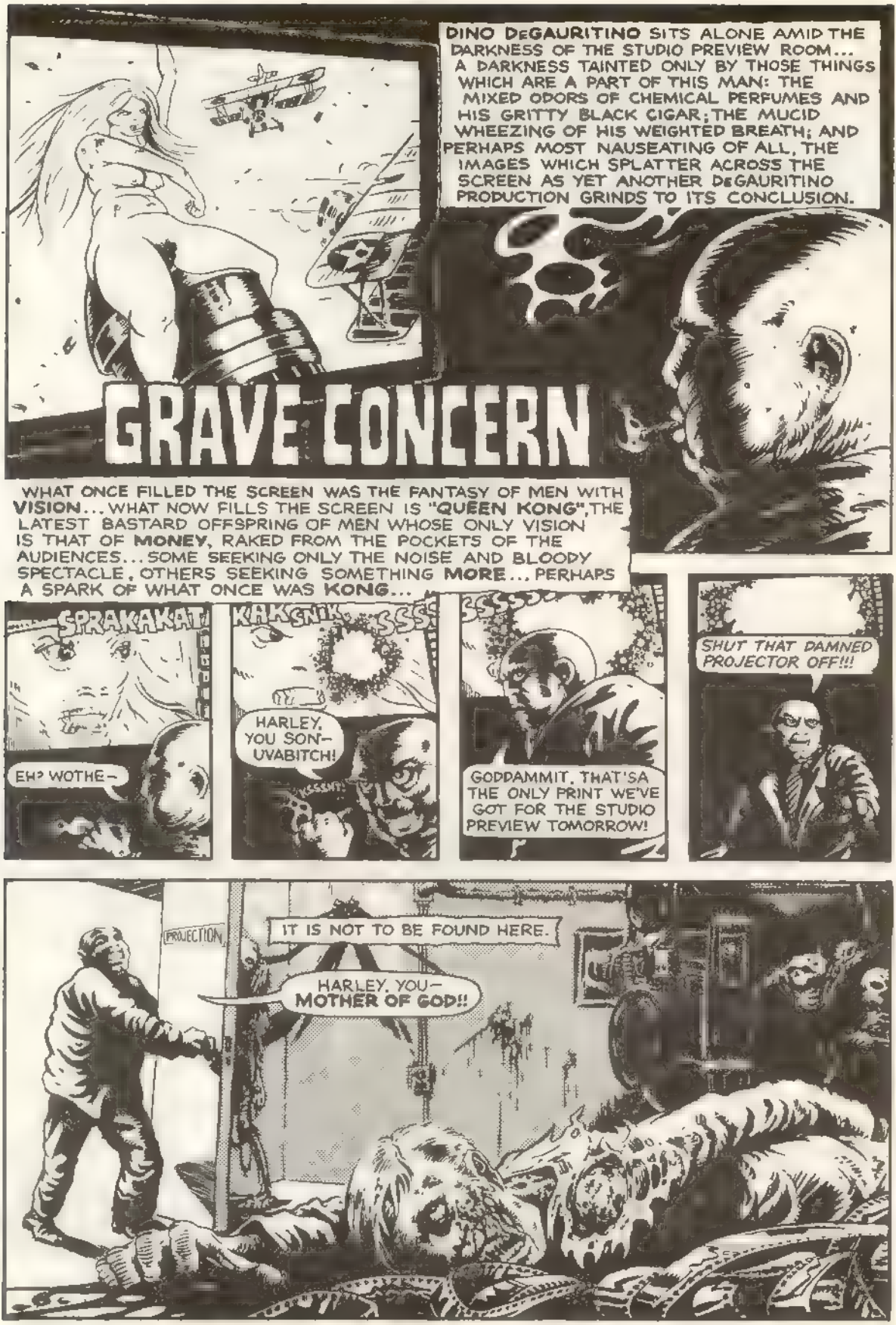
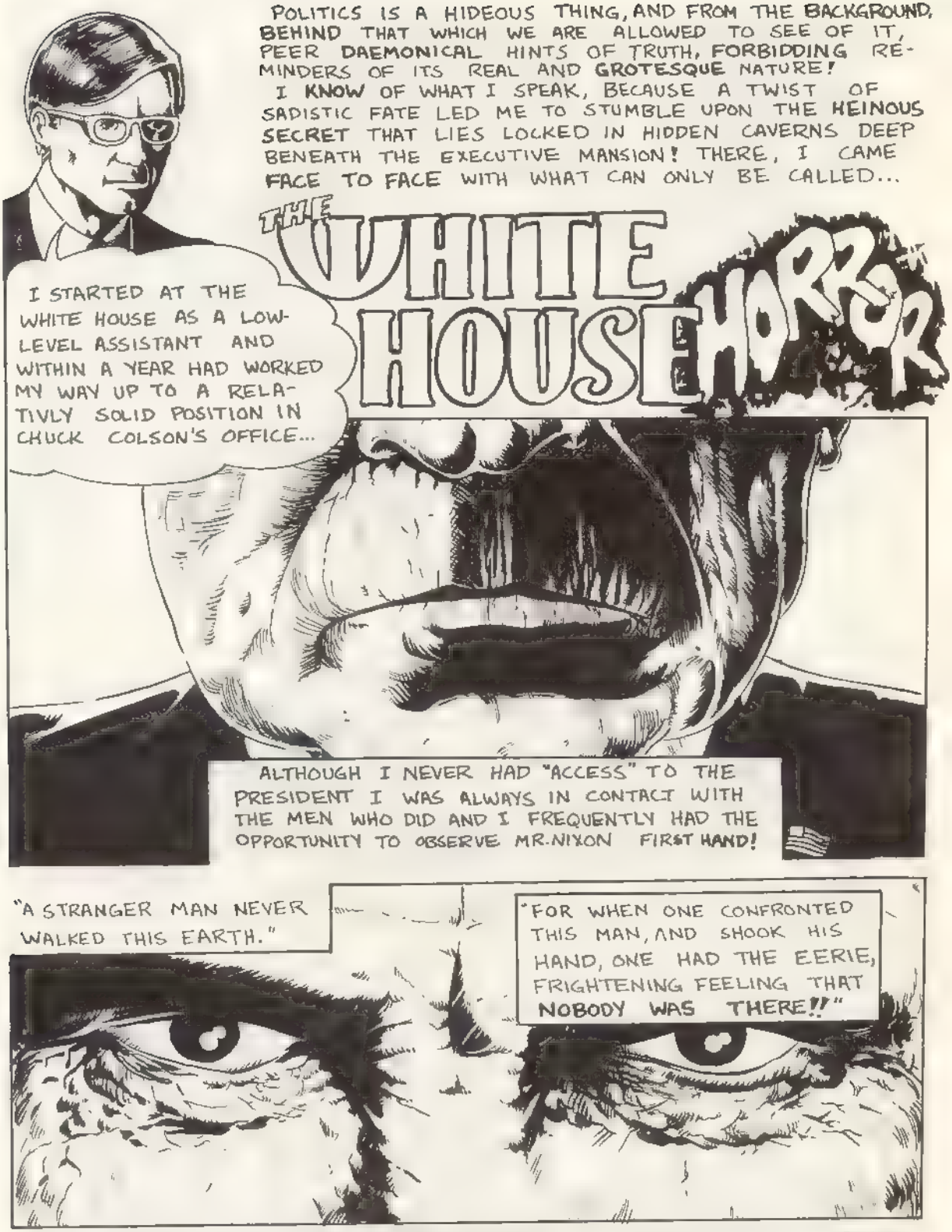
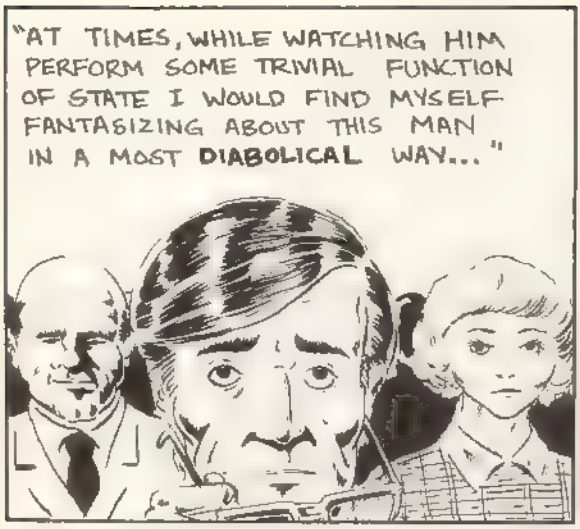
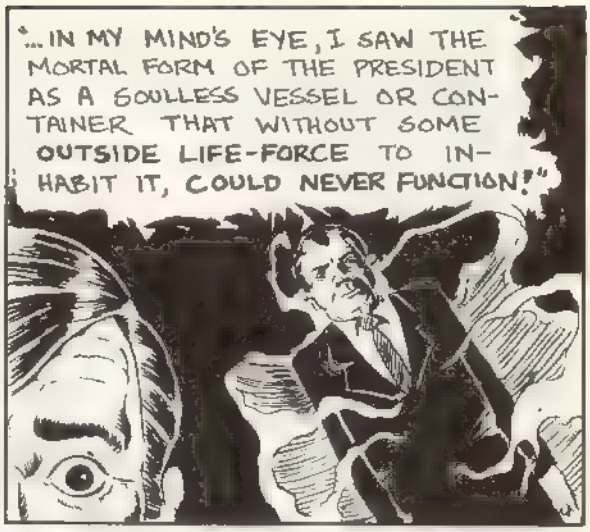
(1956)

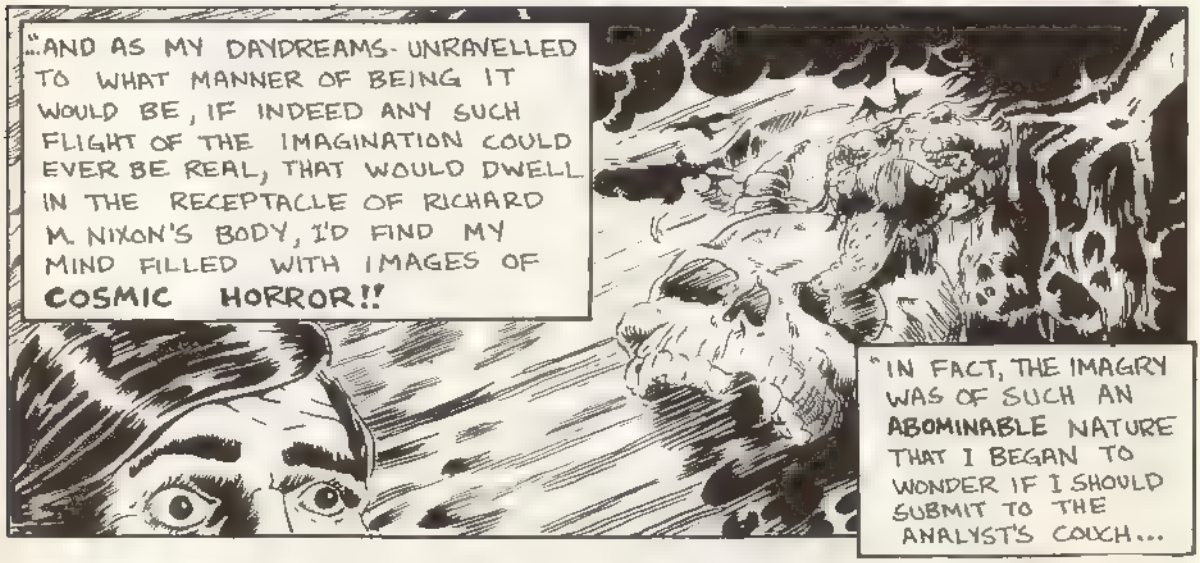

DINO DEGAURITINO SITS ALONE AMID THE DARKNESS OF THE STUDIO PREVIEW ROOM... A DARKNESS TAINTED ONLY BY THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE A PART OF THIS MAN: THE MIXED ODORS OF CHEMICAL PERFUMES AND HIS GRITTY BLACK CIGAR; THE MUCID WHEEZING OF HIS WEIGHTED BREATH; AND PERHAPS MOST NAUSEATING OF ALL, THE IMAGES WHICH SPLATTER ACROSS THE SCREEN AS YET ANOTHER DEGAURITINO PRODUCTION GRINDS TO ITS CONCLUSION.
GRAVE CONCERN
WHAT ONCE FILLED THE SCREEN WAS THE FANTASY OF MEN WITH VISION... WHAT NOW FILLS THE SCREEN IS "QUEEN KONG", THE LATEST BASTARD OFFSPRING OF MEN WHOSE ONLY VISION IS THAT OF MONEY, RAKED FROM THE POCKETS OF THE AUDIENCES... SOME SEEKING ONLY THE NOISE AND BLOODY SPECTACLE, OTHERS SEEKING SOMETHING MORE... PERHAPS A SPARK OF WHAT ONCE WAS KONG...
SPRAKAKAT
EH? WOTHE—
KAKSNIK
SSS
HARLEY, YOU SON-UVABITCH!
SSSSNT!
GODDAMMIT, THAT'SA THE ONLY PRINT WE'VE GOT FOR THE STUDIO PREVIEW TOMORROW!
SHUT THAT DAMNED PROJECTOR OFF!!!
PROJECTION
IT IS NOT TO BE FOUND HERE.
HARLEY, YOU— MOTHER OF GOD!!

UUMMPHHK!
THE DEAD MASTER A SOUNDLESS SPEED...
...A SILENT SAVAGERY...
...A MUTE JUSTICE WHICH IS BEYOND OUR UNDERSTANDING.
THEIR OUTRAGE SPENT, THREE MISHAPEN, PUTRIFIED FIGURES SLOUCH BACK TO THE DANK HOLES WHICH WERE INTENDED AS PLACES OF FINAL AND EVERLASTING REST...
WILLIS H. O'BRIEN
REST IN PEACE
©1976 S.R. BISSETTE


POLITICS IS A HIDEOUS THING, AND FROM THE BACKGROUND, BEHIND THAT WHICH WE ARE ALLOWED TO SEE OF IT, PEER DAEMONICAL HINTS OF TRUTH, FORBIDDING REMINDERS OF ITS REAL AND GROTESQUE NATURE!
I KNOW OF WHAT I SPEAK, BECAUSE A TWIST OF SADISTIC FATE LED ME TO STUMBLE UPON THE HEINOUS SECRET THAT LIES LOCKED IN HIDDEN CAVERNS DEEP BENEATH THE EXECUTIVE MANSION! THERE, I CAME FACE TO FACE WITH WHAT CAN ONLY BE CALLED...
THE WHITE HOUSE HORROR
I STARTED AT THE WHITE HOUSE AS A LOW-LEVEL ASSISTANT AND WITHIN A YEAR HAD WORKED MY WAY UP TO A RELATIVLY SOLID POSITION IN CHUCK COLSON'S OFFICE...
ALTHOUGH I NEVER HAD "ACCESS" TO THE PRESIDENT I WAS ALWAYS IN CONTACT WITH THE MEN WHO DID AND I FREQUENTLY HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO OBSERVE MR. NIXON FIRST HAND!
"A STRANGER MAN NEVER WALKED THIS EARTH."
"FOR WHEN ONE CONFRONTED THIS MAN, AND SHOOK HIS HAND, ONE HAD THE EERIE, FRIGHTENING FEELING THAT NOBODY WAS THERE!!"
"HE WOULD CLASP MY HAND AND SMILE GRANDLY, BUT WHEN I LOOKED BEHIND THE FROZEN EXPRESION, THERE WAS NO FEELING... NOTHING!!"

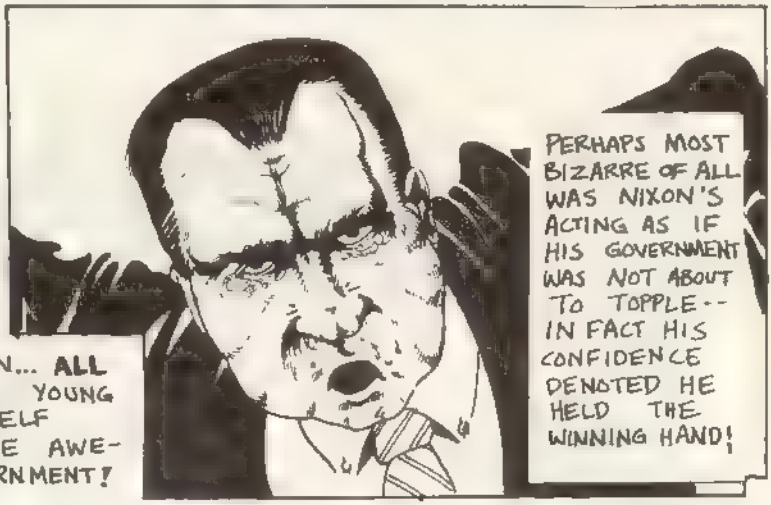






THE WATERGATE DELUGE LEFT LITTLE TIME FOR SUCH GRUESOME THOUGHTS...

HALDERMAN, EHRLICHMEN, COLSON... ALL THE BIG BOYS WERE SOON OUT! YOUNG DEPARTMENT HEADS LIKE MYSELF WERE SUDDENLY HOLDING THE AWESOME REINS OF BIG GOVERNMENT!



THINGS GOT VERY BAD...

THEN, ONE DAY NEAR THE END, HE JUST CAME UP AND SPOKE TO ME. HE REELED DRUNKENLY, SLURRING RHETORIC, MAKING ME FEEL BOTH TOTALLY GREAT AND ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS AT THE SAME TIME!

THEY TELL ME YOU'RE DOING A BANG-UP JOB, TOM --- A **FINE** JOB! AND DON'T THINK IT ISN'T NOTICED OR APPRECIATED... **NO** SIR!

¡CROAK! THANK YOU, SIR!!

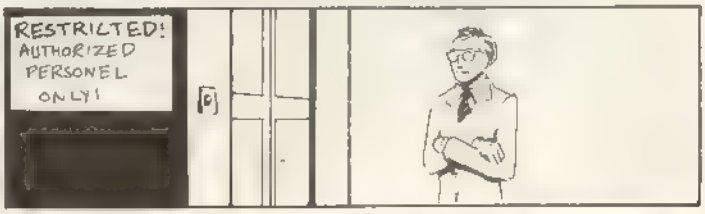
SUDDENLY, HE WHISPERED AT ME IN A MOST FORCEFULL MANNER...

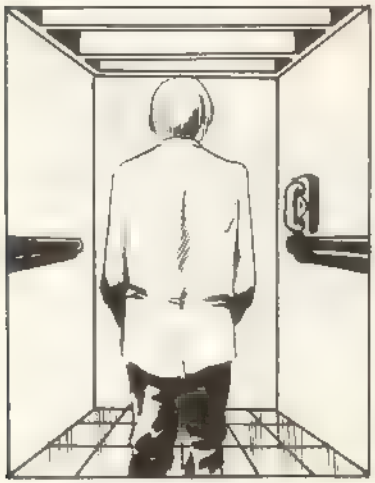
THIS IS WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO! TONIGHT AT EIGHT SHARP TAKE MY **PRIVATE** ELEVATOR... ALL THE WAY DOWN!!! WE'RE GIVING A LITTLE PARTY IN HONOR OF... HEH, HEH... WELL, YOU'LL FIND OUT!

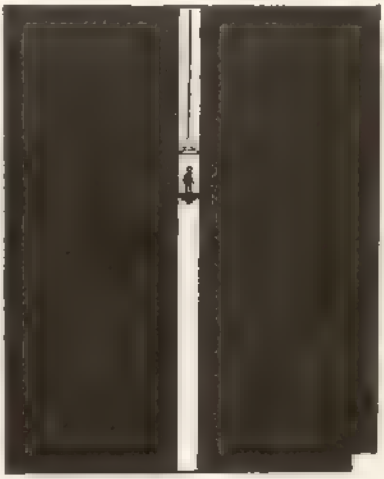
WE'VE DECIDED IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED HOW THE WORLD **REALLY** WORKS!!

URP!

AND SO, AGAINST MY DEEPEST PERSONAL CONVICTIONS AND DESPITE ALL THE ABOMINABLE IMPRESSIONS THAT HAD HAUNTED ME, THERE I WAS AT 8 O'CLOCK SHARP, WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENT'S SECRET ELEVATOR, ACTING FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A PRE-PROGRAMED ROBOT!!!







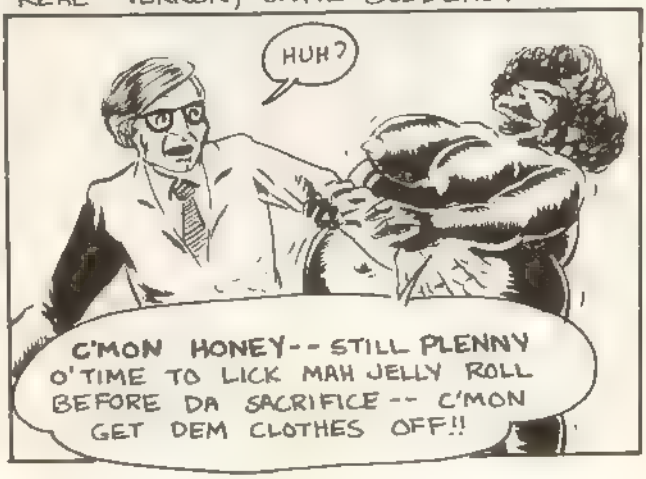
MY MIND WAS NOT PREPARED FOR WHAT CONFRONTED ME WHEN THOSE DOORS PARTED.. NOTHING LESS THAN **BARBARIC RITES** BEING PRACTICED WITH A INTENSITY AND ABANDON BEYOND IMAGINATION!!

GOOD GOD!

IT WAS AS IF I'D TAKEN AN ELEVATOR INTO THE STONE AGE, EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THET **THESE** SWEATY SAVAGES ALL HELD HIGH SOCIAL AND GOVERNMENT POSITIONS IN TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICA!

ABOVE IT ALL STOOD THE GREAT SORCERER HIMSELF IN HIS MOMENT OF SUPREME GLORY!

I COULD ONLY STARE IN A BEWILDERMENT THAT DIDN'T QUITE CRYSTALIZE INTO REAL TERROR, UNTIL SUDDENLY...

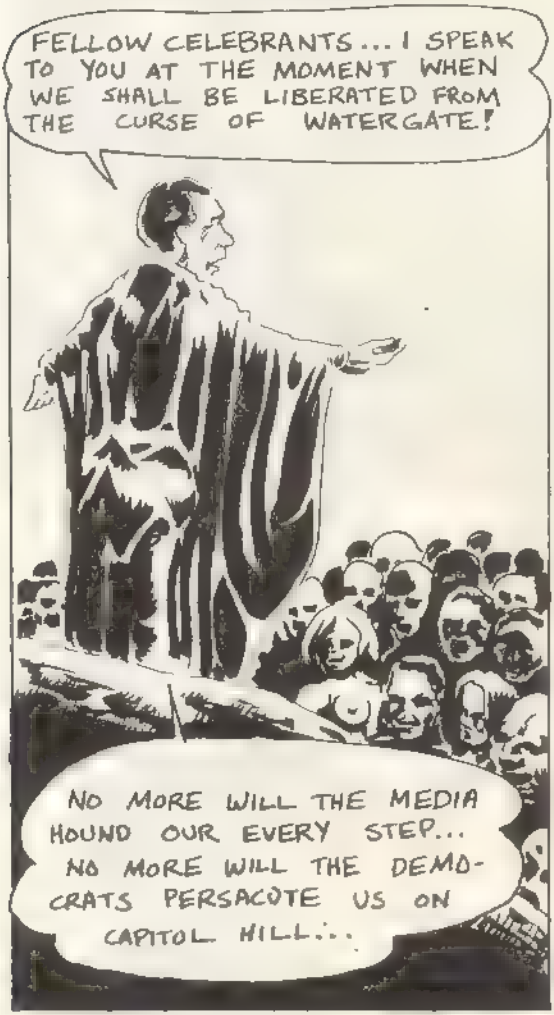


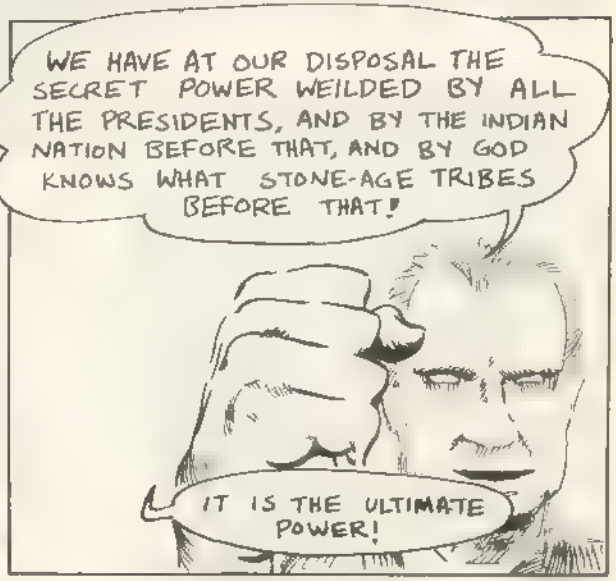
I REALIZED IF I WANTED TO STAY ALIVE MY ONLY COURSE OF ACTION LAY IN DOING WHAT SHE ASKED...

I STRIPPED DOWN AND STARTED IN ON THE DISAGREABLE TASK...

... ALWAYS TRYING TO KEEP ONE EYE ON MY CLOTHES AND THE OTHER ON RICHARD NIXON!

HE SPOKE TO THE ASSEMBLED...





THINGS WERE HAPPENING FAST NOW -- **TOO FAST!**

TO HOWLS OF APPROVAL NIXON GESTURED TO THE YOUNG GIRL LASHED SPREAD-EAGLED UPON AN ANCIENT HOARY **SACRIFICIAL ALTAR!**

...THEN TO THE GAPING PIT!

THIS SIGNALED THE CROWD TO BEGIN A LOW GUTTARAL CHANT THAT QUICKLY BUILT ITSELF TO A DEAFENING CRESCENDO. IT SEEMED A CALLING, A **PLEADING**, SUMMONING FORTH **SOMETHING** FROM THAT **DREADFUL PIT!**

I AM ONLY A NORMAL MAN BORN OF TWO **NORMAL** PARENTS...

NEVER DID I **QUESTION** THE NATURAL LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE AS TOUGHT TO ME.

SO IN **NO** WAY WAS I PREPARED FOR WHAT CRAWLED FROM THAT PIT.. **THAT BLASPHEMOUS PIT!**

SOGOTH ROSE BEFORE US ON TWELVE LEGS, A HUNDRED BLOOD-RED EYES GLARING HATEFULLY AT THE TINY MAN-THINGS WHO DARED DISTURB ITS SLEEP. GREAT DROPS OF ACIDIC PERSPERATION DRIPPED FROM ITS PORES, BURNING HOLES WHERE THEY HIT IN THE SOLID BEDROCK OF THE CAVERN FLOOR...

ITS MEMBRANOUS CRANIUM BILLOWED, THE GASEOUS BRAIN WITHIN CHANGING HUES CONTINUALLY, AS IF IT WERE ALTERING ITS EMOTIONS EVERY FEW SECONDS.

MOST HORRIFYING OF ALL WERE THE ALMOST TWO-SCORE OF GIBBERING HUMAN HEADS SPROUTING LIKE ACNE ACROSS THE BEAST'S BACK AND SIDES...

SQUEELING AND SQUIRMING EACH OF THESE GROTESQUETIES WAS, WITHOUT ANY DOUBT -- ALIVE AND AWARE!!

THE CROWD STOOD IN AWE AS NIXON SPOKE FORTH IN A LANGUAGE NEVER MEANT FOR HUMAN TONGUES. I INSTANTLY REALIZED THAT, IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, HE WAS OFFERING THIS YOUNG GIRL TO THIS HIDEOUS, UNSPEAKABLE GOD!

YOG SOGGOTH, YE MOST POWERFUL AND WISE OF ALL THE OLD ONES... YE UPON WHOSE NAME OUR COUNTRY WAS FOUNDED.. WE WHO DO YOUR EVERY BIDDING CALL UPON THEE IN OUR TIME OF TRAVAIL!

HEY! WAIT!

OUR ENEMIES ARE **YOURS**, SOGGOTH-- LET LOOSE THY AWESOME VENGENCE AND DESTROY THEM!

EEAY

AUGH

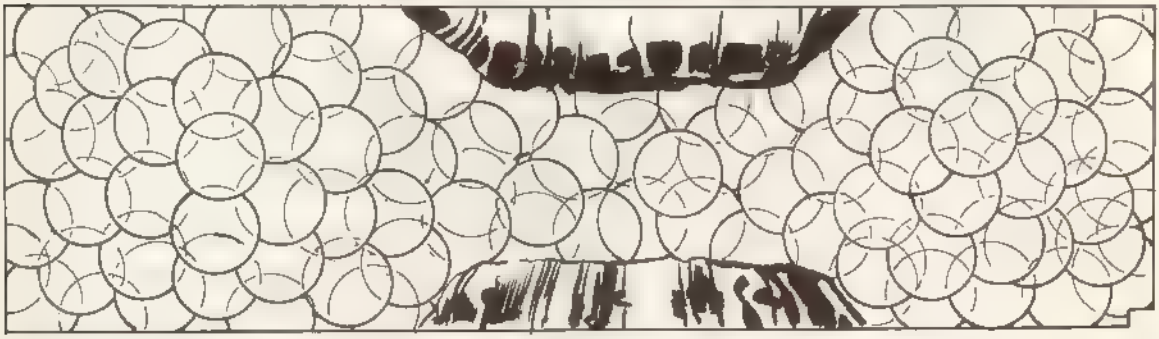
GHUK

SNUCK

SNUCK

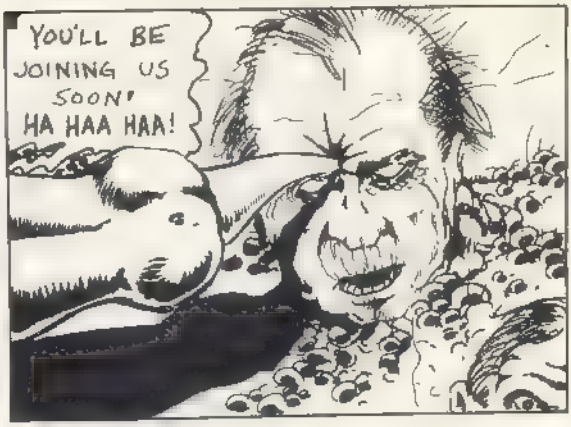
SNUCK!

SOGOTH STOOD SILENT FOR A PREGNANT MOMENT... PERHAPS PONDERING THE CUSTOMS OF MEN... PERHAPS DRINKING IN THE SOUL OF YOUNG VIRGIN...



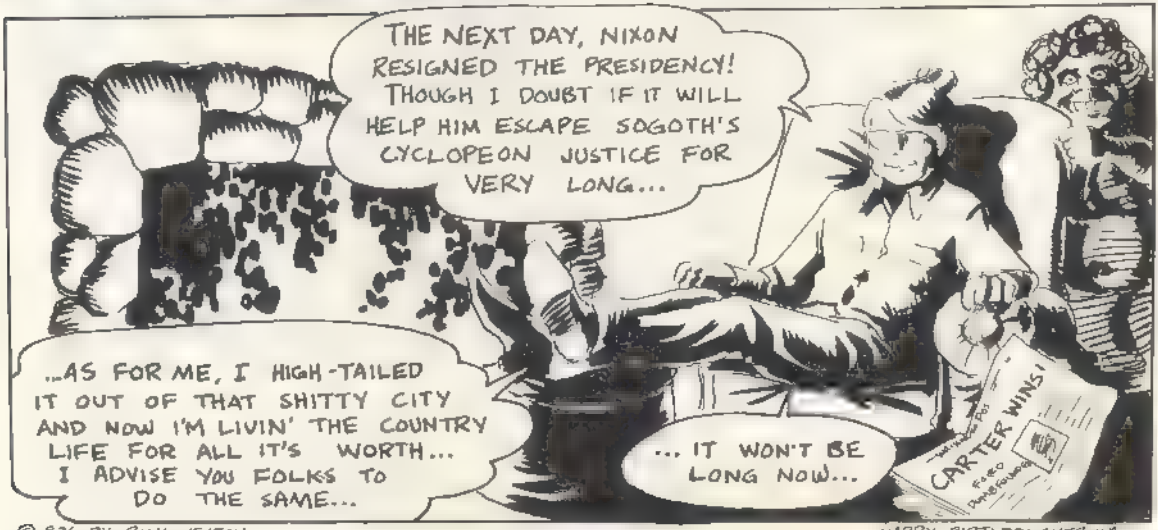
SOGOTH SLOWLY PASSED A PAW OVER THOSE YELPING HEADS-- HEADS THAT I NOW **RECOGNIZED** FOR THEY HAD STARED OUT AT ME FROM COUNTLESS HISTORY BOOKS!

FINALLY THE GREAT TALON CAME TO REST ON A **CERTAIN** ONE WHOSE FEATURES WERE ONLY BEGINNING TO FORM!



THE REAL NIXON'S FACE BLANCHED WHITE AS HIS BLOOD VISIBLY DRAINED DOWN...

AND SOGOTH, GESTURING **CONTEMPT** FOR US ALL, RETURNED TO HIS PIT!



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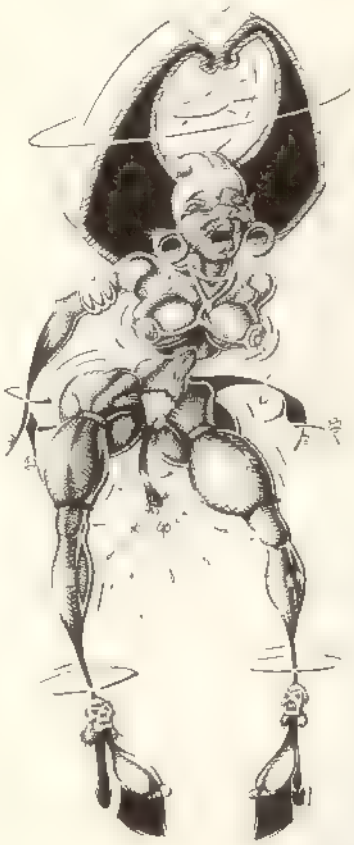
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AMERICA



ANIMATA DISCO LUMPEN BUMPEN GRINDER BURGER

YOU SEXY THING BLACK DIAMOND BAY WAITS PRETTY THINGS BADF NGER WHO'S NEXT BROKEN BARRICADES LONG MAN YOU RUN

STONES OUT OF TIME KONSTANT HEAT WAVE CCR SUZIE QUE SQUEEZE BOX WHO SISTER GOLDEN HAIR · AMERICA FOX ON THE RUN SWEET KRAFTWERK AUTOBAHN FLY ROBIN FLY -

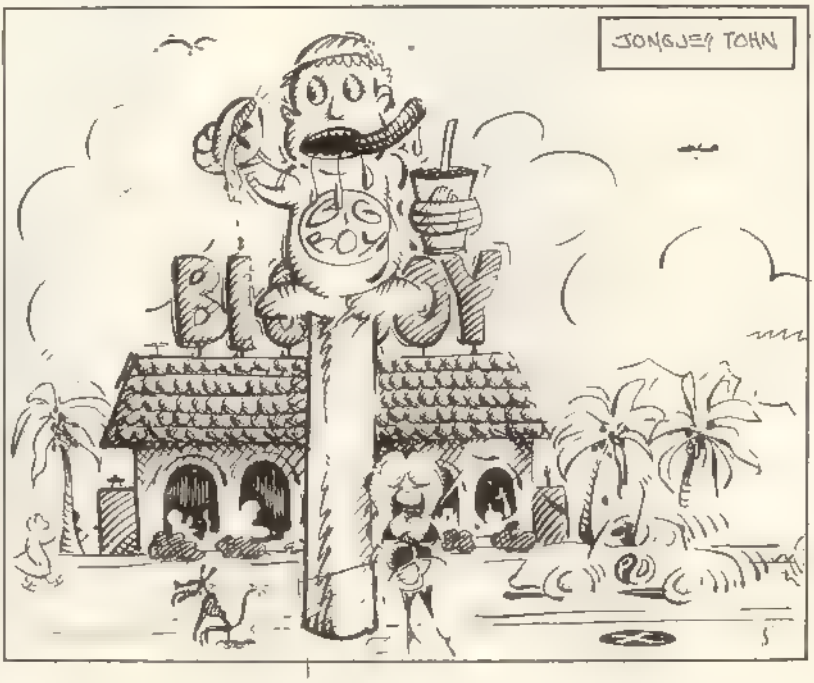
5 LIVER CONVENTION ROCK N ROLL HOOTCHIE KOO RICK PERRYMORE HOT CHOCOLATE.

DIGIF EQUAX '76

ANIMATA DISCO LUMPEN - BUMPEN GRINDER BURGER

- CONTEST -

DREAM UP THE "STORY" BEHIND THIS PICTURE AND SEND IT IN TO DWC&S BEFORE #3 COMES OUT! THE "BEST" STORY WINS THE CONTEST (LITERALLY)! THAT IS YOU WIN THE ORIGINAL ART AND ALL RIGHTS TO HOLDING THE CONTEST ON YOUR OWN SO SOME ONE ELSE CAN "WIN THE CONTEST"! LIKE A MODERN CORRESPONDENCE MAGAZINE CHAIN LETTER CONTEST! SO LIGHT UP, GATHER YOUR WACKO FRENDS AROUND AND LET YOUR WARPED, DIRTY MINDS GO TO WORK! THE STAFF HERE AT DWC&S HAS COME UP WITH SOME REALLY WEIRD ONES SO YOU'LL HAVE TO GO A WAYS TO BEAT 'EM REMEMBER SANTANA'S ABRAXAS & ZAPPA'S 100 MOTELS ALBUM COVERS? GOOD LUCK!



TALES FROM THE DUNG HEAP!
GET READY FOR HORROR, MY FRIENDS! TAKE IT FROM THE OL' DUNG HEAP, THIS ONE WILL TURN YOUR STOMACH!!!
THE DUNG HEAP
EGG-CKINS
MIDNIGHT! A LONE FIGURE WALKS DOWN THE DESERTED CITY STREET...
ABOVE, ON THE SHADOWY ROOF TOPS, A PAIR OF DESPERATE CHARACTERS WAIT... AND WATCH! AND WHAT THEY ARE WATCHING IS HORROR!
CLAK
CLIK
CLAK
CLIK
CLAK
SKRUNCH!
JEE-ZUS SHIT!
D-DID JA FIND A GOOD ONE?
GET A LOAD OF THEM TITS!!
...AN SHE'S GOT A PURSE, TOO!
B. FLACK '74

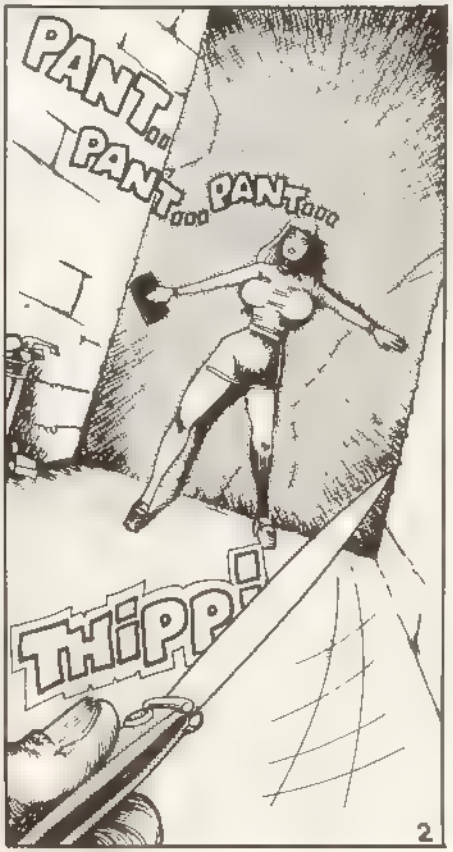
AH, YES! A PAIR OF MOLDY YOUNG MUGGERS OUT FOR A NIGHT'S WORK. SEEMS THEY'VE SPOTTED *EASY PICKINS*.... OR CAN APPEARANCES BE *DECEIVING*??

KLAK
KLAK

PSSST!

OHH...
CLIK
CLAK
CLIK
CLAK

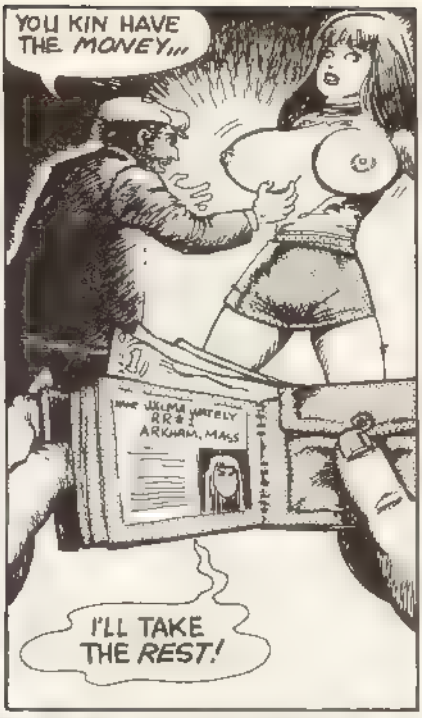
DEAD END!

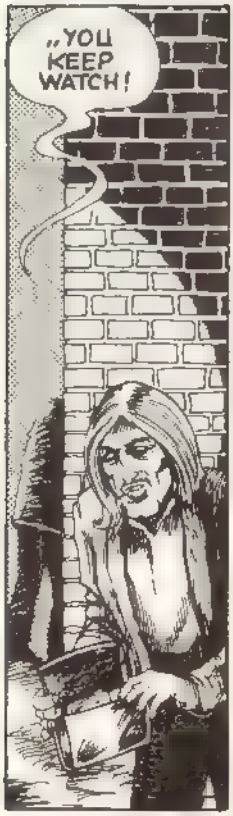

PANT...
PANT...
PANT...
THIPP!

LET'S TURN FREE THOSE PROUD BEAUTIES!
RIP!

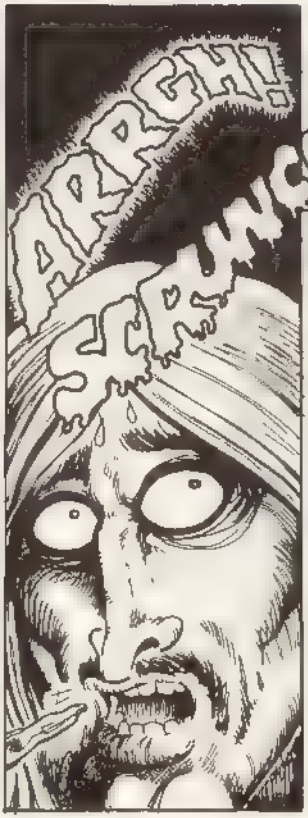
!!

WHAT AN INCREDIBLE SET OF JUGS!
HERE--TAKE THE PURSE!


YOU KIN HAVE THE MONEY...
ARKHAM, MASS
I'LL TAKE THE REST!


...YOU KEEP WATCH!

NOW... LET'S GET DOWN TO... WHA...?
NO!
NO!
NO!


ARGH!
SPRINCH

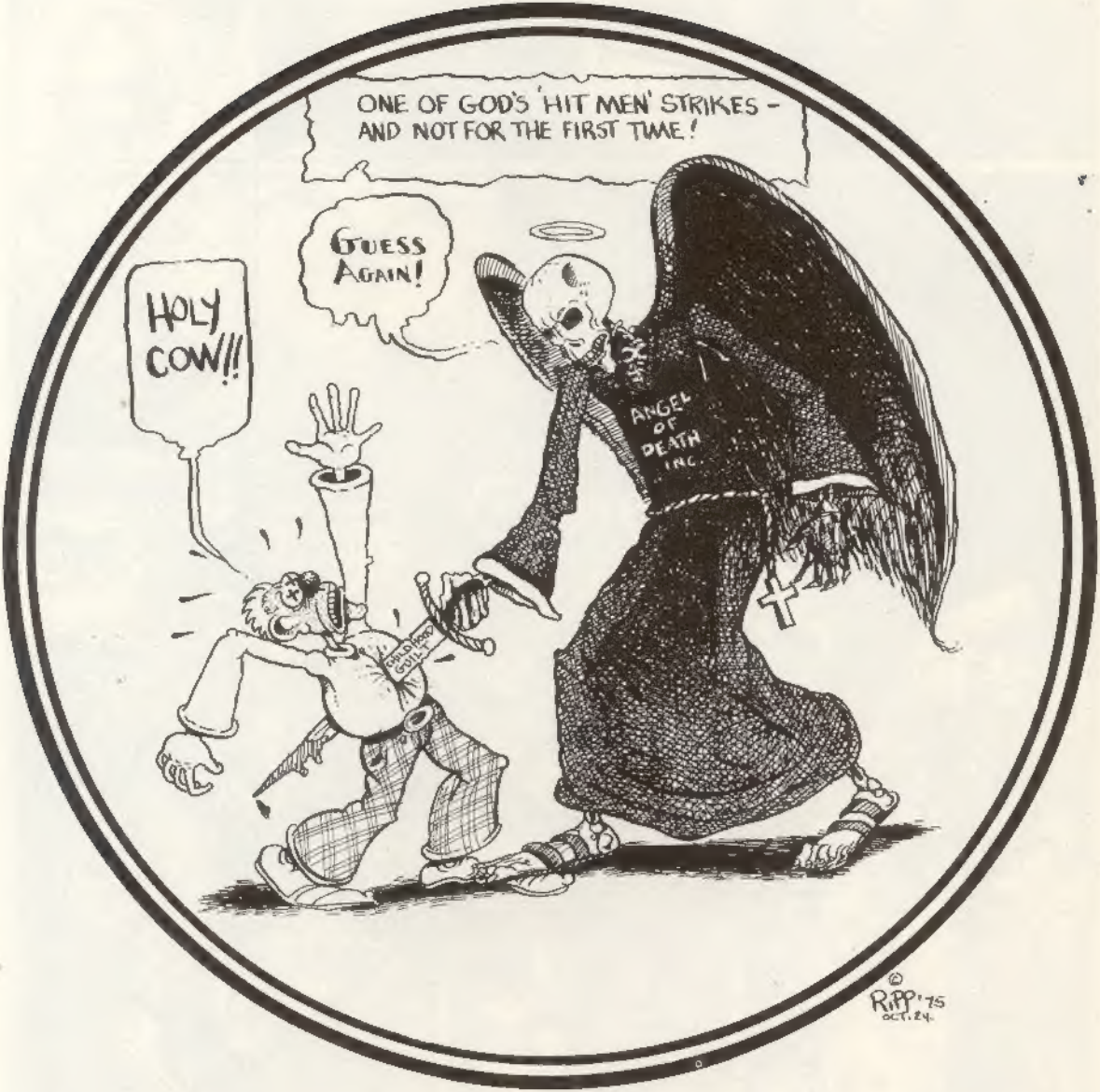
YIPE!

HEH, HEH! COME TO MAMA! IT'S FEEDING TIME! I'VE HEARD OF BREAST FEEDING... BUT THIS IS DISGUSTING! UGH!

SLURP

URRK!

END


ONE OF GOD'S 'HIT MEN' STRIKES - AND NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME!
GUESS AGAIN!
HOLY COW!!
ANGEL OF DEATH INC.
CHILDHOOD GUILT
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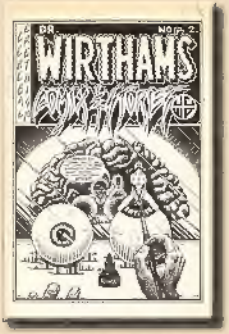

Sir Real's

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